Two New BALLADS.

The L——ds Addreſs to K. G. II.

THANK ye, moſt Great and Martial Sir,
For your good News of Peace:
And tho' you doubt, ſay it is ſure,
We'll ſet our Hearts at Eaſe.

2.

Nor ſhall we in the leaſt repine,
Or ſhew we're diſcontent
With the bad State of our Affairs,
Which *no Care cou'd prevent.*

3.

Nay, ſhou'd you need Remedes more ſtrong
Than *wiſe Negotiation*,
And the Time come, when we muſt *fight*,
Not *bully*, for the Nation;

4.

Againſt Allies, or Old or New,
The Suppoſition's odd,
Your Conduct wiſe, and Courage keen
Will ſave All under G—d.

The K——'s Anſwer.

THANK ye, my L--ds, this muſt be good
At Home, and eke Abroad.

A New BALLAD.

HITHER from fartheſt Eaſt to Weſt,
Ye *Iſraelites* repair;
In hoſpitable *Britain* reſt
And ſeek *Meſſiah* there:
A glorious Knight has now deſign'd
Your Race from Curſe to free,
Nor is there ſure in all your Kind
A verier *Jew* than he.

2.

Remember not your old Diſgrace,
When *Sevi* ſought to reign,
Nor fear your Champion ſhou'd embrace
The *Alcoran* again:
The doughty Knight wou'd ſooner burn,
Should things come to the worſt,
Since he that to a *Turk* would turn,
Muſt be a *Chriſtian* firſt.

3.

No *Sultan* e'er would give you Land,
Nor *Hollanders* conſent
You ſhould remove their Hills of Sand,
Or Deluges prevent:
On eaſy Terms you enter here,
Nor toil to dre in a Fenn;
The *Engliſh* leſs the Croſs revere,
Than *Dutch*, or *Muſſulmen.*

4.

When *Julian*, dear Apoſtate! rul'd
His Purpoſe was the ſame;
But Earthquakes vile his Projects fool'd,
And Balls of ugly Flame:
But now your Hopes may be fulfill'd
Another Way as well,
And what a *Julian* cou'd not build,
An *Engliſh* Man may ſell.

5.

Th' *Egyptians* you may quickly ſpoil,
In Purchaſes out-do,
Where faireſt Spots of all their Iſle
With Milk and Honey flow;
Which Monkiſh Drones, in Popiſh Night,
For Fruitfulneſs did chuſe,
Now turn'd in pious Days of Light,
To Synagogues for *Jews.*

6.

'Tis true, you wiſh'd of old, that Blood
Might on your Heads remain,
But your adopted Breth'ren good
Will wipe away the Stain:
Fear not the Wrath of Heav'n to feel
On all your Nation ſent,
Your Friend thoſe Curſes will repeal
By Act of P——————t.

7.

The *Arians* all will join with you,
As once in *Spain* ally'd,
That ſo, Religion betwixt Two
May ſoon be crucify'd:
The Goſpel, like its Lord, is ſold,
Nor gives the Price Offence,
Make it but a Ship-Load of Gold,
Inſtead of Silver Pence.